

## We're Gonna Have To Hide The Body by crystalkei

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lonnie Byers

**Relationships:** Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-10-31

**Updated:** 2016-10-31

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 21:29:13

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 5,559

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Joyce killed Lonnie and needs help hiding the body. That shouldn't turn anyone on but it really does the trick for Hopper.

Murder is festive for Halloween, right?

## **We're Gonna Have To Hide The Body**

Something was wrong.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood up the minute he made the last turn on his way to Joyce's. It was Thursday night and normally he would swing by the lab to check in, but something felt off and he hadn't heard from Joyce today. It wasn't that unusual to not hear from her, he'd seen her yesterday but something had him worried and he couldn't put his finger on it.

When he pulled up, he saw a car he didn't recognize parked next to hers and Jonathan's car wasn't there. He knocked on the door twice before opening it and letting himself in. He did that sometimes, and any sense of propriety was lost because of the weird sense of panic pumping through him.

At first glance, he was relieved to see her sitting on the couch. She was safe, breathing, but the glassy look when he said her name brought back the tension in his muscles.

"Joyce," he repeated, taking the 10 steps from the front door to the couch in super speed. "Hey, what's going on?"

Hopper sat himself on the couch facing her, taking off his hat and putting it on the coffee table, reaching for her knee. Now that he wasn't in her line of sight, she didn't take him in at all, she stared past him. He turned to see what she was looking at and did a double take.

"What the fuck?"

He was across the room again, quickly, kneeling by the body. It was a bloody mess, splatter patterns on the wall of the dining room, a puddle surrounding him, and the hammer on the floor next to Lonnie's feet. He didn't dare touch the body but he got close enough, hovering just over the skin of his face.

"God, Joyce, he's cold. How long ago did this happen? Why didn't you call me?"

“He came over before I went to work.” Her voice sounded tired and raw. It was the first time she’d said anything since he walked in the door and he wondered if it was the first thing she’d said in hours, if she’d just been sitting there, staring from the couch all day.

“Where’re the boys?” he asked, checking his watch. It was nearly 7:00.

She seemed to snap out of it for just a second. “Will’s on that field trip, the Capitol one.”

Every year the seventh graders went to Indianapolis to tour the State Capitol and the offices there. It was an overnight trip and he remembered Joyce mentioning how she was worried about him being out of her sight for that long.

“And Jonathan?”

“He’s at work.”

“He didn’t come home between work and school did he?”

She shook her head, fixated back on the body again.

“You have to arrest me.”

“What the fuck for?” He scoffed at the suggestion. “I couldn’t find 12 people in this town that would convict you, no matter the circumstances.”

“You have a different opinion of me than most people in this town,” Joyce said. The more she spoke, the more she seemed to come out of this shock that he suspected she’d been in all day. “And you haven’t even asked what happened.”

“I don’t care what happened. I’m not arresting you but I should call Gary so he can get out here before Jonathan gets home. He shouldn’t see this.”

“Arrest me,” she said, straightening her back.

“No!” It was laughable that she kept saying that.

“It wasn’t self defense.”

“And I still don’t give a shit,” Hopper said, truly unaffected, looking back down at the body. His chest looked like the grass when Hopper went golfing, full of divots.

“You’re terrible at your job. You’re supposed to arrest me.”

“Fine, tell me what it was, tell me what happened,” he gave in, not caring a lick what happened.

He would have been happy to tell Gary it was obviously self defense and file the report, lying through his teeth. He had three outstanding warrants for Lonnie, all for boring shit like unpaid parking tickets, moving violations, but he knew Lonnie had done nasty illegal stuff before, gambling, stolen car parts, he was just too slick to get caught and Hopper had hated that about him for years. He didn’t give a shit if Joyce had woken up this morning with the hankering to kill the bastard and did it, but if she was going to insist, he’d listen to her.

“He came over this morning, the boys had just left, I think he saw them in the yard for a minute because I heard Jonathan peel out, he never does that so I dunno, he probably said something mean or dumb or just generally Lonnie.”

“Shocker,” he muttered.

“I was running late, I washed my vest last night and it wasn’t quite dry so I was waiting for it, I wouldn’t have even been here. Is that worse? If I wasn’t here and the boys were, what would have happened?” Joyce gulped and looked like she might cry, but she steeled herself and went on. “He was raving about seeing Will, how Jonathan left before he got to see him. How I was keeping the boys from him.”

“Was he drunk?” Hopper asked, making the case in his head, figuring out which parts in the report would make her most sympathetic.

Joyce blew out air. “No. Stone cold sober, just angry.”

He knew Lonnie had a temper, Hopper hated that he still feared for Joyce, even though he could see her in front of him, safe, unharmed,

and Lonnie was the dead guy on the floor. He wondered if Joyce was scared, too. Of all the things she was afraid of, he'd never seen her cower to Lonnie, but he was never privy to that, never around for those moments he just assumed happened.

"Stop that" she scolded, seeming to read his mind. "He never hit me. Not once. But Jesus, you don't have to hit someone to make them hate you."

"I didn't say anything." He held his hands up but she shook her head, she read him too well. "Speed up the story to the part where you took a hammer to his chest, will ya? I gotta call Gary."

"You really don't get it, do you?" she asked, annoyed. "You have to arrest me."

"Stop saying that." He huffed on his way back to the couch, he sat next to her and took her hands, they weren't shaking, she was completely calm about what she'd done and he understood. Killing him had taken care of at least 75% of Joyce's problems.

"Jonathan might be okay with this, I don't think Will can forgive me. He still liked his dad."

"It's none of my business but isn't today the first time Lonnie has shown up since...the thing?" Hopper asked. It was still an ominous, odd place, event, point in time, he never knew how to reference it.

Joyce let out a bitter laugh. "I don't even feel bad about it. Isn't that a sign of something? That I'm crazy or something?"

He shook his head, a new plan forming. She wasn't crazy and he still didn't give a flying fuck that Joyce had murdered Lonnie, in cold blood, in self defense, didn't matter, but maybe she was right, a jury wasn't the group she needed to be in front of.

"You're not any crazier than me. Hell, I've wanted to do it a bunch of times, his face just makes me want to shoot him." He half shrugged and Joyce rolled her eyes. "You might be right about people in this town though, I can't arrest you, women who are battered don't get off for this kind of shit and I don't think the sympathy of

Will's...stuff...gets you out of this."

"Thanks for the flip flopping faith in my character," she deadpanned.

He lifted a hand to her cheek, hoping the touch would drive home the point. "I have *so much* faith in you."

She tried to look away but he followed her.

"It's a little disgusting that you're proud of me right now."

"Sorry, I can't help it." He gave her a wicked grin. "We're gonna have to hide the body."

"Hide it?" She scoffed. "Hide the body, hide his car, what are we gonna do, put him in it and torch the thing?"

"No, that won't work," he said, dismissive. "Give me a minute, I'm getting there, the river, leave the car, dump the body. I've really been thinking about this for a solid 20 years, you'd think I'd be quicker on my feet."

"You've prepared your whole life for this and that's is the best you've got? Embarrassing." She was finally starting to sound more like regular Joyce, not in shock on the couch for 12 hours Joyce. "The Flatrock River this time of year is so low, he'll be found in no time."

"Could bury him in the woods, but the ones beyond Jonesboro," Hopper offered.

"He lives...lived in Indianapolis, at least if they find him here in the woods it makes sense," she countered and he gave her a begrudging nod of agreement. Her leg started to shake so he put his hand on her knee hoping to calm her but she swatted him away. "I'm thinking."

"And you do that better with your leg shaking?" he asked, not moving his hand, just letting up, he wanted to keep touching her. She never let him be so tactile unless they were in bed.

"Yes." She glared at him. "I have an idea but it's complicated."

"All of the ideas we've got are complicated, we're talking about

covering up a murder.”

She chewed on her lip and Hopper tried not to think about how he wanted to do that. It was increasingly difficult to not spend all his time thinking about touching Joyce, kissing her, all the other stuff that wasn’t fit to print.

“We put him where we found Will,” she said, determined. “No one is gonna find him there.”

Hopper looked at her in awe, the idea was complicated for sure, almost impossible, but he was too busy being turned on by the genius of it to think those things through for a minute.

“What?” She narrowed her eyes at him. “Stop looking at me like that.”

“Like what? I’m not looking at you anyway,” he lied.

“Like you wanna throw me back on this couch and fuck me six ways to Sunday.” She wasn’t amused like he was.

“Is that an option?” he asked, but she glared. “You’re right, we’re on a time crunch at the moment. Later though.”

Joyce sighed and shook her head. “You’re disgusting.”

“I can’t help it if the thought of you planning this is getting me excited.”

“You’re a cop, doing crime shouldn’t make you hard.”

“You’d think, but here we are. Then again, maybe it’s just you.”

“Just me?” she asked, appalled.

“Yeah, maybe it doesn’t matter what you’re doing, I’m just that into you.”

“This is such a bizarre way to proclaim your undying affection, really, send flowers or something.”

He laughed. "I'm going to do that."

She sighed again. "I still don't know what to do with his car."

Hopper steered his thoughts back to the matter at hand instead of where he wanted his hands to be (all over her). He stood up and went back to the body, the blood wasn't too much of an issue. They'd need a lot of bleach but that would be easy to get at the gas station.

"That part is easy, we just drive his car over to the other side of the tracks in Jonesboro and leave the keys in the ignition. Someone will steal it but who's gonna report it stolen?" He looked down at the body. "Not this guy."

"So we just need to figure out how to get the body to the...the...the Upside Down?"

They both had a hard time calling it that. It felt like a made up place that the kids used in their boardgame.

"Walking it through the front door of the lab is going to be too hard," he said, heading into the kitchen and digging under her sink. He found bleach and rubber gloves for the dishes and brought them to the body.

"But remember Nancy said there was an opening in the forest?" Joyce stood up, from the couch finally, coming closer to him, but stopping short, skittish around the body for obvious reasons.

Hopper shook his head. "No, that one's closed. The only access point is in the lab now."

"How do you know that?" Joyce asked. Of course she asked. It was a reasonable question, he just couldn't tell her the truth. Not yet. Hopefully not ever.

"I lost six other people to that monster. We had to make sure all the entry points had closed up, I couldn't lose more." That wasn't a lie, it just wasn't the whole truth. "I can try to get us into the lab, but getting this in," he gestured to the body with his chin, "That's gonna be too hard."



"I'll get a tarp from the shed to haul it to the car." She sounded more detached now, and he didn't miss how she'd called Lonnie *"it."*

"Wait." He reached for her hand as she went past him towards the back door, and stood up when she stopped. "The shed."

Joyce looked at him expectantly. "What about it?"

"The shed, didn't Will say that was the last place he was?"

"Yes? But what does that have to do with anything?"

"If he disappeared from there..." Hopper took the lead, walking out the backdoor with Joyce on his heels, he stopped short, taking a deep breath before going in. He walked straight to the back corner and squatted down, like he did the first day Will was missing and something about this corner had seemed off.

"Will won't even come in here now, I don't care for it either," Joyce said, digging for the tarp on the workbench.

"Joyce," he said, but she kept on behind him.

"I found the tarp but do you think these bungee cords would be useful." She stood behind him now.

He turned to see her holding the bungee cords in one hand and the tarp under her arm. Hopper tilted his head towards the corner.

"What?"

"Look," he said, pointing to the corner, and the shimmery root looking thing coming out of the baseboard.

"What the hell is that?" Joyce asked, dropping the bungee cords and leaning over his shoulder to get closer.

"That's where we're gonna put the body, in your very own little gate to that toxic hellscape." Hopper ran a hand through his thinning hair before he stood up, slowly, so Joyce backed off.

"After we do this, I gotta tear this fuckin' shed down." She looked

pale at the discovery.

“Yeah,” he said. “But that’s more of a weekend project and it’s only Thursday.”

“I don’t know how you’re joking right now.” She looked up at him. Her eyes didn’t look as tired as they normally did, her lashes were long, and he wanted to kiss her but that didn’t seem appropriate in the least, for the situation, for their current arrangement of no feelings just sex, for any other number of reasons, so he held back.

He leaned in a little like he might and she gave him a look, so he shifted and picked up the bungee cords that she’d dropped off the ground, making a show of having them now.

“Let’s go to work,” he said. “And I’d like to revisit the fucking six ways to Sunday thing when we’re all done.”

She shook her head and turned, not having any of his inappropriate flirting.

“I still can’t believe that hiding a body is giving you a boner like some disturbed teenager,” Joyce threw over her shoulder as they walked back into the house.

“Not just any body, your ex husband’s body. It’s like my birthday came early this year!”

Hopper couldn’t see her face but he thought he heard her laugh.

They got the body on the tarp, they cleaned the blood, tossing all the paper towels and old kitchen rags they used to sop up the blood on top of the body. The plan was to wrap it all up in the tarp and push it through the opening in the shed. It wasn’t a large enough gate for them to go in, but it looked big enough to shove Lonnie and his tarp covering through.

“What time is it?” Hopper asked, adjusting Lonnie’s boots on the tarp.

Joyce wiped her forehead with the back of her hand and looked at the VCR. “Uh, 8:30.”

“Good, we should have time to take this out to the shed, clean ourselves up, and then get the Camaro out to Jonesboro before Jonathan gets home.”

“Clean ourselves up?”

“You just put some blood on your forehead when you wiped it.” Hopper gestured with his chin towards her.

She moved a hand to her forehead and then moved it away immediately. “I just made it worse, didn’t I?”

He gave her a half smile and nodded. “We’ll shower and then I’ll drive his car and you follow me in mine.”

“Shouldn’t we take mine? It’s less conspicuous than the giant ass Hawkins Chief of Police symbol.”

“It’s not like I was gonna have you turn on the lights and the siren,” he said. “But you’re probably right, we’ll take yours.”

The body was heavy. He could have carried it on his own if rigor mortis hadn’t set in, but the body wasn’t pliable at all. So Joyce got on one end and Hopper took the other, they lifted it by the ends of the tarp and walked it carefully out the back door, around the corner, down the stairs, and into the shed.

Hopper moved the lawnmower and the other miscellaneous tools that were blocking the corner, and they wedged the body so that they could push it in, head first, into The Upside Down. It was slow going. Almost like the gate wasn’t fully open, but this was where it was good that the body was stiff and unmoving, it made it easier to force into the gap.

It didn’t take very long, 10 minutes or so, before the body was safely discarded on the other side. Hopper shuddered as his own hand passed through the opening for the final shove. When he pulled his hand back he shook it, like it was wet, but there was nothing visible on his hand.

“Let’s go clean up,” Joyce said, squeezing his shoulder from her spot above him.

Hoppner took one last look at the opening and muttered, "Burn in hell, man."

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Joyce told him to shower first. She'd already taken one shower, immediately after the incident, but she would need another after the hard labor of disposing of the body.

She sat on her bed while Hopper showered, staring at the spot on the dresser where years ago a picture of her wedding had been propped up. Her and Lonnie, young, bright, smiling, she hated the photo. When he'd left for good she ripped apart the frame, taken the photo to the kitchen, and burned it over the ashtray on the table. Joyce thought that had been her rebellious act. Now here she was, waiting to clean up after murdering him and dumping his body.

She'd been in her head over it all day. Hours she sat on the couch after crushing his chest with the hammer, over and over again. Hop had asked why she didn't call him, she thought he'd be scared of her. Thought he'd call her crazy and have her arrested, committed, whatever. Only in the smallest part of the back of her mind did she expect the reaction she got from him. Joyce considered he'd help her cover this all up, she never imagined he'd be so gleeful about it.

"You can go now," he said, startling her from her thoughts. "Sorry."

Shaking her head, she stood up. "I'm fine."

He was in a towel, holding it at the waist, but he reached for her hand. "It's gonna be fine."

"I know," she said, giving him the most positive look she could muster.

It wasn't that she regretted it, she was just nervous, anxious, anything could happen now.

"I'm putting all the clothes in the washer before we go," she explained, tossing him a pair of jeans and a shirt. "Guess it's a good thing you left some clothes here the other day."

"Stroke of luck." He caught the clothes. "Don't be too long. It's almost 9:30 and we can't let Jonathan see Lonnie's car when he gets home. We've got to be gone by 10."

Of course she knew that. But it was endearing that he was dedicated to the plan. Joyce kept expecting his innuendo to turn to action, so she was glad he had that under control. They didn't have time for sex right now.

She showered quickly and found him throwing her clothes in the washer with his after she'd gotten dressed.

"Your agitator looks like it's a little crooked," he said as the water filled the basin and he poured the detergent in.

Joyce held up a finger before reaching around him to the pliers on the dryer. Grabbing the center of the agitator with the pliers and she turned it clockwise twice, the agitator straightened.

"You know someone could just fix that, right?" he asked, but she saw his impressed look.

"That's what I did."

"You could replace it."

She laughed. "I'll get right on that, I've just been putting it off because I couldn't decide on which model of brand new washing machine I should buy at Sears, you know? There's just so many to choose from, especially with my dearth of cash just burning a hole in my pocket!"

Hopper looked sufficiently chastised by her sarcasm. He turned and shut the door on the washing machine.

"Let's go, it's getting late."

Hopper drove Lonnie's Camaro and Joyce followed him in her car.

The plan was that she would drive to the Pizza Hut in Jonesboro and he'd leave the car two blocks over, in one of the more rundown neighborhoods. He left the keys in the ignition, car unlocked, and he walked away.

Joyce knew that this wasn't the end. Eventually, someone would go looking for Lonnie, one of his girlfriends, more likely one of his bookies or creditors, but they wouldn't find anything. The place that swallowed up Will months ago had Lonnie now and he wasn't coming back. No one would find him, and Joyce only had to hold it together when people came asking her about his whereabouts. She could lie.

And the bonus was that he'd never bother her again. Never threatened to take her boys. She'd never get any money from him but that was never going to happen anyway. It hadn't happened in the last five years it wouldn't have happened this year or the next.

"Did anyone see you?" she asked when Hopper met her across the street from the Pizza Hut.

"Doesn't matter, no one that would recognize me," he said as she started the car.

They rode mostly in silence, until they were almost at Joyce's house and Hopper took her free hand.

"You gonna wanna cuddle later, too?" Joyce asked, a wry grin on her face.

"I'm feeling very fond of you at the moment."

"Right, because murder is so attractive," she said, rolling her eyes.

"You're independent and strong and instead of shutting down when your life went to hell, you kept trudging, I didn't do that. I fell the fuck apart."

Joyce cleared her throat, uncomfortable at the praise he was heaping on her, it was too much and too vulnerable and she didn't know how to accept it.

"Seem to be holding yourself together at the moment just fine," she

deflected.

He snorted and looked out the window again. It was quiet the rest of the way home.

Walking through her front door had her sighing with relief. Being home felt safe. Until Jonathan came out of his room, a concerned look on his face and his arms swinging wildly.

“Mom, I didn't know where you were! I saw Hopper's truck and you weren't here and Dad had been here this morning I was panicked!”

“I'm fine, I'm sorry I didn't leave a note to let you know,” she said.

Hopper put a gentle hand on her lower back and despite wanting Jonathan to not know about the two of them, Joyce liked the gesture and even drew some confidence from it.

“Where were you?” Jonathan demanded.

Joyce felt herself stuttering, desperate for the time to form a response that stumbling over her words provided.

“I took your mom to dinner,” Hopper interrupted her.

Joyce looked at him shocked, taking a step away from him.

“What?” both Jonathan and Joyce asked at the same time.

Joyce and Hopper had been sleeping together for a while now, but they were not dating and Joyce made that clear at every turn. They weren't dating. She understood he was trying to help, but providing that excuse, of them being on a date, that was not okay. Then again, she couldn't exactly fight him over it at this exact moment so she turned back to Jonathan and stamped down the annoyance and panic and decided to work with Hopper's lie instead of against it.

“I didn't really want you to know because it's new,” Joyce lied.

“It's not a big deal,” Hopper said with a scoff. “Your mom was in a mood after your dad left so I offered to take her to dinner. We're just friends.”

Hopper's comment both settled her stomach and irritated her. She didn't have time to dwell on why.

"Thank god, I thought you two were sleeping together, that'd be so gross," Jonathan said and now both Joyce and Hopper bristled.

"Gross?" Joyce asked.

"Why?" Hopper asked.

They exchanged a look, both insulted at the comment but Joyce spotted a splatter of blood on the dining room wall that they'd missed and her eyes widened. Hopper turned and saw it too, but he looked back to Jonathan.

"Doesn't matter, no one is hurt, nothing *gross* is happening." He made a face when he repeated Jonathan's word choice. "Isn't it about time for you to go to bed?"

Joyce huffed and Jonathan glared.

"Actually, I'm gonna go drop something off at Nancy's. She needs the notes from European History," Jonathan explained but Joyce was almost sure he was lying, or at least using it as an excuse to leave.

"It's 10:30, when are you gonna be back?" she asked as he grabbed his bag. "It's a school night."

"Midnight, Mom" He opened the door to go but turned back. "Glad you're not dead."

"If only he knew," Hopper mumbled under his breath.

When the door shut, Joyce got a rag from the kitchen and went directly to the splatter of blood left on the wall.

"If only he knew what? Which part?" she asked, scrubbing. "What a disaster."

"To be fair, the whole event has gone really well, we were bound to hit an obstacle and your teenager with his panties in a twist is the best one we could have asked for." He came up behind her, putting



one hand on her hips and using the other to move her hair off her neck.

The motion caused her to shiver but she was still annoyed at him so she frowned while scrubbing harder.

“Gone really well? How many murders have you covered up?”

“Just this one, but I’m feeling really good about it.” He laughed into her neck and Joyce bit her lip to remind herself to focus on the task in front of her, not the way his hand had moved to the front of her hips and was working the button on her pants.

“We really shouldn’t, Jonathan could come back any minute,” Joyce said, but she couldn’t help but grind against his crotch, allowing herself a small smile at the hissing noise he made.

“He can walk in on this for all I care,” Hopper said, causing Joyce to turn around in his arms and smack his chest.

“Don’t even put that out into the universe.” She glared at him, feeling the wrinkle between her brows deepened by a few years.

“Fine,” he said, kissing her forehead tenderly before his hand slipped into the back of her pants and grabbed her bare ass. “Moving on from him and onto more important matters like getting your pants off because I’ve been half hard for hours and you deserve some stress relief.”

“Deserve it? As a reward for killing my ex husband?” she asked.

“For putting up with him all those years, for having the patience to last this long without doing it, I dunno, doesn’t matter, let’s stop talking about him,” Hopper said, moving his hand up her side before leaning in and kissing her.

She tossed the rag behind her and kissed him back, working his shirt buttons. He guided her down the hall and into her bedroom, but she stopped him short of the bed. Joyce shimmied out of her pants and pulled her shirt over her head while he just watched, mesmerized. She gave him a wicked grin and pulled down her panties, braced herself against the dresser, right in the spot where that horrible

picture had been, and lifted herself up to sit on the edge of it.

Joyce raised an eyebrow at him and Hopper was undressing so fast he almost tripped over his pants to get to her. He kissed along her jaw and her neck, bit gently into the flesh of her breast and laughed when she whined, using her heel in his ass to pull him closer.

“Better idea,” he said, dropping to his knees and wrapping his hands around her thighs, pulling her even closer to the edge of the dresser, his breath hot on her center.

He licked into her, his tongue flat, and she moaned, her thighs clenching around his head to trap him there. She threw her head back and closed her eyes, enjoying the way her body reacted to his task. Before long she was gasping, toes curling, fluttering and sighing.

She'd all but forgotten the day she had, the things she did, the things he helped her do.

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Saturday morning rolled around and Joyce was sorting laundry out of the dryer.

Will finished his breakfast and was putting his cereal bowl in the sink and stood there, tilting his head.

“Mom?”

“Yeah,” she answered, considering folding the fitted sheet or just jumbling it into a ball before tossing it into the basket.

“Why is Chief Hopper in our yard with an ax?”

Joyce had moved onto folding a towel across her chest and leaned a little further over to see out the back door window. “Oh, he’s tearing down the shed.”

“Why?” Will asked.

“It’s structurally unsound,” she told him, which wasn’t even a lie. If a building’s got a portal to an alternate dimension in the corner, it’s definitely a structural problem.

“Does he want help, you think?”

“No, you’re fine.” She waved through the window at Hopper, he gave her a smile before she turned back to Will. “Weren’t you going to get started on that book report?”

“Uh, yeah,” Will said, giving the shed one last look before he left the kitchen.

And that was that. The shed was in pieces by the front where the trash pick up was by noon.

“I ordered lumber for a new one,” Hopper told her while she handed him a bowl of last night’s reheated hamburger helper. “The boys can help me build it tomorrow if they want.”

Joyce laughed. “You should see Jonathan wield a hammer, you do not want to be near that. I’ll help.”

“They need someone to teach-”

“No, they don’t.” Joyce was firm.

“Thank god, I didn’t really want to I was just being polite.” His fork worked around the leftovers. “I’m keeping my ear to the ground, if anyone starts investigating the thing, I should be able to give you a little warning before they show up at your door asking questions.”

“Thanks.” She opened a Diet Coke and sat across from him at the table, putting her feet on his chair in the space between his legs.

“Aren’t your kids home right now?” he asked, looking down at her feet.

“Yeah, sorry, I guess maybe you’re not the only one turned on by the whole thing, you rubbed off on me.” She smirked.

“If we can’t,” he stopped and cleared his throat when Will walked into the kitchen. “Uh, raincheck, huh?”

“Sure,” Joyce said, not moving her feet but enjoying the way he squirmed.

She had him sneak back in around 10, after the boys had gone to bed. It was totally worth it.

**Author's Note:**

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